In Recital

Christy McColl, soprano

assisted by

Rob Curtis, piano

Saturday April 20, 2002 at 5:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From the opera *Griselda* Per la gloria d'adorarvi	Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1672-1750)
Vergin, tutto amor	Francesco Durante (1684-1755)
O del mio dolce ardor	Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)
Alma del core	Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile	Francesco Durante (1684-1755)
Dein blaues Auge Ständchen Vergebliches Ständchen Botschaft	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
From the opera *Die Zauberflöte* ("The Magic Flute") Ach, ich fühl's From the opera *Le Nozze di Figaro* ("The Marriage of Figaro") Porgi, amor	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Intermission

O mio babbino caro	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
The Daisies, Op 2, No.1 Bessie Bobtail, Op.2, No.3 Sure on this shining night, Op.13, No.3	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
From the *Pirates of Penzance* Poor Wand'ring One	William Gilbert/Arthur Sullivan (1836-1911)/ (1842-1900)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms McColl.

A special thanks to my voice teacher Professor Harold Wiens for all of his support and confidence in me. Thank you to my family for supporting me in all of my musical endeavours.

Translation

Per la gloria d'adorarvi (For the love my heart doth prize)
For the love my heart doth prize,
O charmful eyes I would adore ye;
For me, my love is pain
I know 'tis all in vain, Yet kneel before ye:
Love is pain, all in vain, I implore ye.
Hopeless 'tis to look for kindness,
Foolish fondness with sigh t'imploreye,
But who-e'er might woo your gaze,
Bask in your sunny rays, and not adore ye?
Love is pain, all in vain, I implore ye.

Vergin, tutto amor (Virgin, fount of love)
Virgin, fount of love,
Dear Mother, thou of mercy, whose heart was riven
O hearken, Queen of Heaven,
Hearken to sinner's cry.
Let kind compassion move thee,
In mercy hear her sad lamenting,
Her mournful moan ascending
Unto thy throne of grace on high.

O del mio dolce ardor (O thou beloved)
O thou belov'd, whom long my heart desireth
At length the air thou breathest my soul inspireth.
Where'er mine eye may wander ,
Still of thee some vague semblance
Doth Love awake within me.
My ev'ry thought doth win me
To yet fonder remembrance:
And in this ardor that all my bosom so fireth
Thee I seek, Thee I call, Fondly and e'er fonder.

Alma del core (Fairest adored)
Soul of my heart,
Spirit of my soul!
Always constant I will adore you,
I shall be happy in my torment
If your beautiful lips I will be able to kiss.

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile (Dance, dance, maiden gay)
Dance, dance maiden to my singing,
Dance, dance, maiden gently to the song that I sing.
Lightly and airily fly
While bounding, resounding, the billows outring!
Dost thou hear the low voices of the breezes soft blending

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile (Dance, dance, maiden gay), cont'd
Appeal to thy heart with their blandishing tone?
They invite to a dance never ending,
And whisper, dance, dance maiden to the song that I sing!

Dein blaues Auge (Your blue eyes)
Your blue eyes are still and serene,
I gaze into their depths.
You ask me what I wish to see?
I see myself well again.
I was burned by a fiery pair,
I can still feel the pain.
Your eyes are like a lake so clear,
And like a lake so cool.

Ständchen (Serenade)
The moon shines above the mountain
Just right for people in love;
In the garden ripples a fountain,
Elsewhere silence, and far and wide.
Beside the wall in the shadow,
Three students are standing
With flute and violin and zither,
And they play, and sing while playing.
The strains are stealing gently
Intop the forest maiden's dream;
She sees her blond beloved
And whispers: "Forget me not!"

Vergebliches Ständchen (A Futile Serenade)
(He.) Good evening, my sweetheart,
Good evening my child,
Love brings me to you,
Oh, open the door for me!
(She.) My door is locked,
I won't let you in.
Mother gives good advice,
If you should come in,
T'would all be over with me!(He.) So cold is the night,
So icy the wind, That my heart freezes,
And my love will be extinguished;
Open for me, my child!
(She.) If your love dies,
Let it perish!
Let it Perish, never mind;
Go home to bed, to sleep,
Good night, my lad,
Good night, good night, my lad!

Botschaft (A Message)
Blow, little breeze, gently and sweetly
Around the cheeks of my beloved,
Play tenderly among her curls,
Do not fly away hurriedly!
If she then, perchance, inquires
How was I, poor man, faring:
Tell her: "Endless was his sorrow,
And most serious his plight.
But now he can hope
To joyfully live again,
For you, lovely one, think of him."
Translation by Edith Braun and Waldo Lyman

Ach, ich fühl's (Ah, I feel it)
Ah, I feel it, to grief and sadness,
Ever turned is love's delight.
Gone forever joy and gladness,
In my heart reigns mournful night.
See, Tamino, see my anguish,
See my tears for you, my own, you, my own.
If for love you do not languish,
Peace I find then,
Peace I find in death alone.

Porgi, amor (Grant, Love)
Grant, Love,
Some relief
To my sorrow
To my sighing!
Either give me back
my beloved
or just let me
die!

O mio babbino caro (O my dear daddy)
O my dear daddy,
He pleases me; he is handsome!
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!
Yes, I want to go there!
And if I should love him in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio,
But in order to throw myself into the Arno!
I am feeling tortured and tormented!
O God, I should like to die!
Daddy, have pity!